

*The MASTER and his DOGS.*

A CIT who held a little Farm,
 For his retreat when days were warm,
 Was by a series of ill weather,
 Imprison'd there, when once got thither.
 Distress'd for food, his flocks he slew,
 Goats, Wethers, Sheep, and Lambkins too.
These

FABLES

These gone----and still
 The lab'ring Oxen n
 The Dogs, on this,
 ' Let's make, said th
 ' Since service no co
 ' What chance have

*A stranger sure can ne'
 On him who thus destr*